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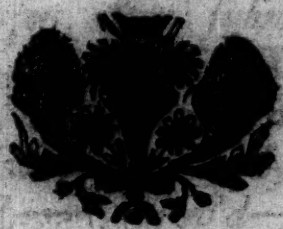
M^r Goldham

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

M^r Cox

M^r Polkissen

By Mr. A Y R E.



L O N D O N.

Printed for R. MINORS, in St. Clement's Church-Yard.

M.DCC.XXXIX.

(Price 6d.)

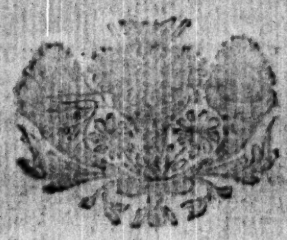
T R O T H

CONJECTURE TO THE TOP

ESSAY ON MANNERS

EPITOME THE FIRST

BY J. A. A.



Printed for J. Johnson, Strand
M.D.C.C.C.

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ted in Man.



T R U T H.

THOUGH *Poet* has said it, must the World submit?

Or must *Truth* stoop to *Poetry* and *Wit*?

They put on glaring Habits to deceive;

Truth shines in naked Modesty, like *Eve*!

So may my artless Verse, nor Thou refuse,

Thou happy *Genius*! Thou *Incarnate Muse*!

To lend an Ear, impartial let it be;

Remember, Philosophick Souls are free,

Thy greater *Fame*, has left Thee yet a Man,

Prejudice may betray Thee, *Error* can;

It has: Give way ye gentle Sounds! give way,

Confess'd your Merit, and allow'd your Sway;

Let

B

Hence

[2]
Hence! with your Wreath of Palm, Inchanters hence!
And leave your Words, with undiminish'd Sense:
Far be from me to do such Numbers wrong;

I love the Musick, but condemn the Song:

That tells me *Reason* must from *Knowledge* flow,

Yet sings of Things which Man can never know:

That proudly tells me, in my Reason's spight,

Without a Proof; *Whatever is, is Right.*

Then Right are all the Paths which Men have trod,

This makes a *Demon* Right as well as *God*;

Break down the Pale, Confusion enter in,

If Holiness is Right, why so is Sin:

Should Men, should Angels all consent to fall,

If Universal Hell should swallow all;

Still would this *Dogma*, Truth and Reason's Foe,

Say all is Right, because it must be so.

That arbitrary *MUST*, is Reason's spight,

Why not declare it so, because 'tis Right.

Let

Let Him who asks whence *Ill*, whence *Error* came,
 Ask whence came *Good*, or whence the *Gen'ral Frame* ;
 Whence *Man*, for here, whatever String you strike,
 Tenth or Ten Thousandth, all will sound alike.

But *Evil* is, and not a Perfect Whole,
 Whose Body *Nature* is, and *God* the Soul ;
 Strive e'er so long you cannot hide the Cheat,
 Of Parts imperfect, yet the whole Compleat.
 Trace it in the Design, examine Art,
 Each Part, must still be Perfect as a Part ;
 Connect those Imperfections ne'er so long,
 'Tis inconclusive, and the Whole is wrong.

And *Thou*, who with imaginary Eyes,
 Hast quitted Earth, and rush'd into the Skies,
 Unpeopled Heaven, made Cherubims Rebel,
 And down descended with them into Hell :
 Presumption all ! thy better Reason saith,
 This is not Knowledge, but thy Mode of Faith :

As

As may perchance, those other sickly Dreams,
 Of *Chains, Gradations*, form'd from two Extremes,
 Where for each Link, some *Being* finds a Place,
 Andfills up all the intermediate Space;
 Call the *Arch-Angel* from his shining Throne,
 Call the wing'd *Seraph*, they will humbly own
 Their Distance from the Majesty on high,
 Is infinite, and all approach as nigh.

Of such a Being all that can be known,
 Is his Existence, that, and that alone;
 What? why? and how? such Questions who can name?
 Ask to be *God*, for that is but the same.
 This is the general Voice of Human Kind,
 Who seek him in the *Clouds*, or in the *Wind*,
 Who bow to *Images*, or to the *Dead*,
 To *Signs*, to *Pictures*, or to *Wine* and *Bread*,
 Who seek within *themselves*, and think they find,
 His *glorious Image* stamp'd upon their Mind:

Thus

Thus is he own'd by all, by all ador'd,
 Then, Wondrous Poet! what hast thou explor'd?
 How hast thou vindicated God to Man?
 By saying, what he does, he Will, and Can;
 Or how is Man to understand thy Rule?
To drop into himself, and be a Fool.

Enquiries after *Infinite*, are vain,
 We barter Words, for Words, and nothing gain;
 Conceits, Conjectures, hurry us too far,
 We place Inhabitants, in every Star:
 New Suns, new Worlds, as Fancy warms arise,
 And visionary Realms, beyond the Skies:

How quick, from blindly soaring thus too high,
 We sink to Queries, wanting no reply.
 " *Can Finite, measure Infinite? Can we*
 " *Uphold a Chain, that makes the Whole agree?*
 " Than greater Circles, are not lesser, less?
 " Of Things uncertain, can we more than guess?
 " Why

“ Why is not Man a Mite? why not a Star?

“ And are not all things, just the same they are?

Why should we ask of Earth, why Oaks are made

Taller, and stronger, than the Weeds they shade?

If this Demand, no other Answer needs,

But that the Oaks, are Oaks, and Weeds, are Weeds.

But leaving Matter, and its Forms behind,

Think we, on Thought, and contemplate the *Mind*.

What good, or bad, in *moral Powers* we call,

Must be so to themselves, or not at all;

So of itself, unalter'd by Event,

What here determines, must be the Intent.

How many *Borgia's*, who were never great!

How many *Catilines*, in every State!

How many Liberal, who never gave!

How many Tyrants, who could ne'er enslave!

How many wish Mankind, their Country, Ill!

Condemn'd, and guilty ; it has pass'd their Will.

That

That all is relative, is a Mistake,
 The *mental Powers*, no Line, no Circle make ;
 Things purpos'd, but not done, say unexpress'd,
 They can have no relation to the rest :
 Born from the Soul, its Nature they declare,
 Deform, or beautify, and center there.
 The *Will*, 'tis there alone our Errors lie,
 Too proud, too abject, if we creep or fly :
 The *Will*, 'tis thence alone our Good must spring,
 From the low Vassal, to the greatest King :
 That, the sole Mark of Freedom in the Soul,
 Bound by no Limit, curb'd by no Controul.
 Why do blind *Bigots*, feign more Gods than one ?
 The bolder *Atheist*, why admit of none ?
 Or why have others made their *Gods* from Earth ?
 Whose Death declar'd them *Men*, as well as Birth.
 Must we not mock, and laugh that Man to scorn,
 Who went to *Crete* to see where *Jove* was born ?

Long

Long before this, the *Will* must have subdu'd,
All proper Judgment, and Desire of Good;
The *Senses*, first must flatly be denied,
The *Apprehension*, *Reason*, laid aside;
Blindness, we must confess, with open Eyes:
New Contradictions, and new Whims arise;
What greater Paradox in Words can be!
Than what I see, is not the thing I see;
That Groans, and Shrieks, and Screams, and dying Gries,
Are, mix'd with something else, great Harmonies;
That all the monstrous Crimes, which Men commit,
Are *universal Order*, Just and Fit;
That Earthquakes, Whirlwinds, Deluges, and Flames,
“ All, all are *Order* under other Names:”
Be how it will, allow The Whole unfit,
Thou say'st, to Reason right, is to submit.
I, in the name of TRUTH, and *Reason*, must
Pronounce this arbitrary, and unjust,
Perniciou

Pernicious, big with Mischiefs, and design'd
 To darken, damp, and discompose the Mind :
 A Yoke we've long refus'd, dost thou prepare,
 Which nor our Fathers, nor ourselves could bear ;
 Servile Submission ! and a blind Assent !
 Our Souls have taken quite another Bent.
 All Maxims that impose, or would enslave,
 Are hateful to us, much beyond the Grave,
 Nor could we deem it an Excess of Rage,
 To burn, erase, and blot them from the Page.

Far other Motives, move my Heart and Pen !
 Of Human Freedom, let me speak to Men ;
 Free Choice, Free Will, the bounteous Hand of Heaven,
 To make us Masters of ourselves, has given ;
 Else all our boasted Reason sinks at once,
 And makes us level with the senseless Stones :
 If Powers above, or a supreme Decree,
 Impel, or Force me, what is that to me ?

No difference in our Actions can be known,

If the great Mover makes them all his own.

But what if *humble Hope* spring in the Breast?

“ ’Tis forc’d, and fatal, and but like the rest:

Even *Faith*, thy other Hope, born from the *Will*,

Is this Compulsion, this Direction still:

And Sentiments, as wide, as Thine, and Mine,

Are all the Offspring of the same Design,

Then take back threaten’d Pains, and promis’d Bliss,

What can we merit in a State like this?

Can *Beings* forfeit an eternal Rest,

For acting what they must, and for the best?

Or why is Heaven open to a few,

(Who act not of themselves, in what they do;)

If what seems *Chance*, *Design*, *Effect of Sense*,

Be the *pre-order’d* Works of Providence?

Ye Thoughts! injurious to your Master’s Fame,

Back, to the *passive Mind* from whence you came,

Or

Or die, at the loud Voice of *Liberty*.

Be bold, O Man! for certain *Thou art free*.

Down, mix with Instinct, grovel with the Swine,

Or mount, and mingle with the Powers Divine;

Unhinge this Globe of Earth, put out the Sun,

Will thou these Things, and they to thee are done.

Chuse, for thou mayst, chuse *Truth*, the first of all,

Who pair'd with *Justice*, only waits thy Call,

Let Universal *Love*, let *Mercy* shine,

These Attributes, tho' *God's*, may yet be thine.

'Tis these proclaim thee Wise, proclaim thee Great,

And fill up the Perfection of thy State.

Say what Impression is thy *Choice* to take?

Amazing Being! *made, thyself to make*.

The very *Source of Power* is lodg'd in Thee,

Be bold, O Man! for certain THOU ART FREE.

11 7 49

T H E E N D.

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THE END.